

On the Porch

-Hey I like it too, but does she hafta carry on like that?
Unbelievable!

-How old is this...?"

-Thirty, forty, I don't know.

-I heard a lady could get in trouble with a kid.

-So could the bar serves us two brats, lots of people. What the fuck's the difference? Oooops. Hi, Father Hendrickson.

"I thought I heard your favorite word. Hey! CYO going to see the Giants Wednesday night. Parents have to come up with three dollars for the bus."

-Yeah? I'll scrape mine off the floor of Curran's. See if any's left. You get married yet?"

"I'll let you know. Show up anyway. Five-thirty. I can get some money from altar society."

-You're a good guy for a priest.

"So they tell me. You know, I hate to tell you, but you guys are not really tough. Sort of half-tough. Bye-dee-bye!"

-God bless you, Father!

-And, whatchalitt? Save!

-Half-tough, hey?

-That's about right. No way we're going into the Barkley Boys neighborhood and get our ass beat off! They're tougher. Like they're whole-tough!

-Smart!

-Yeah. There's some hope. There's some hope. I don't know what the church or the women have to do with it but, there's...

-Some people can eat anything they want. And anytime they want, too!